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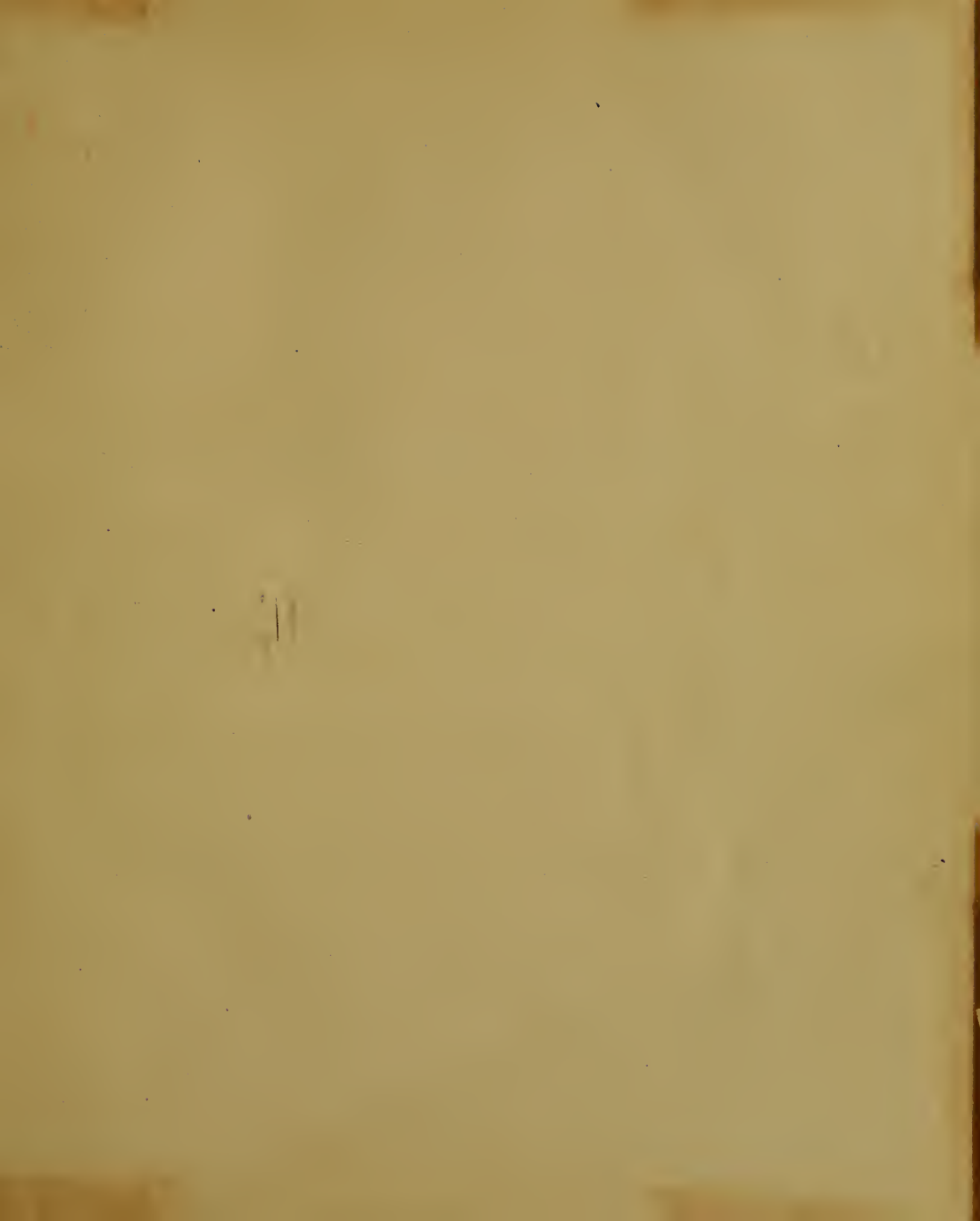


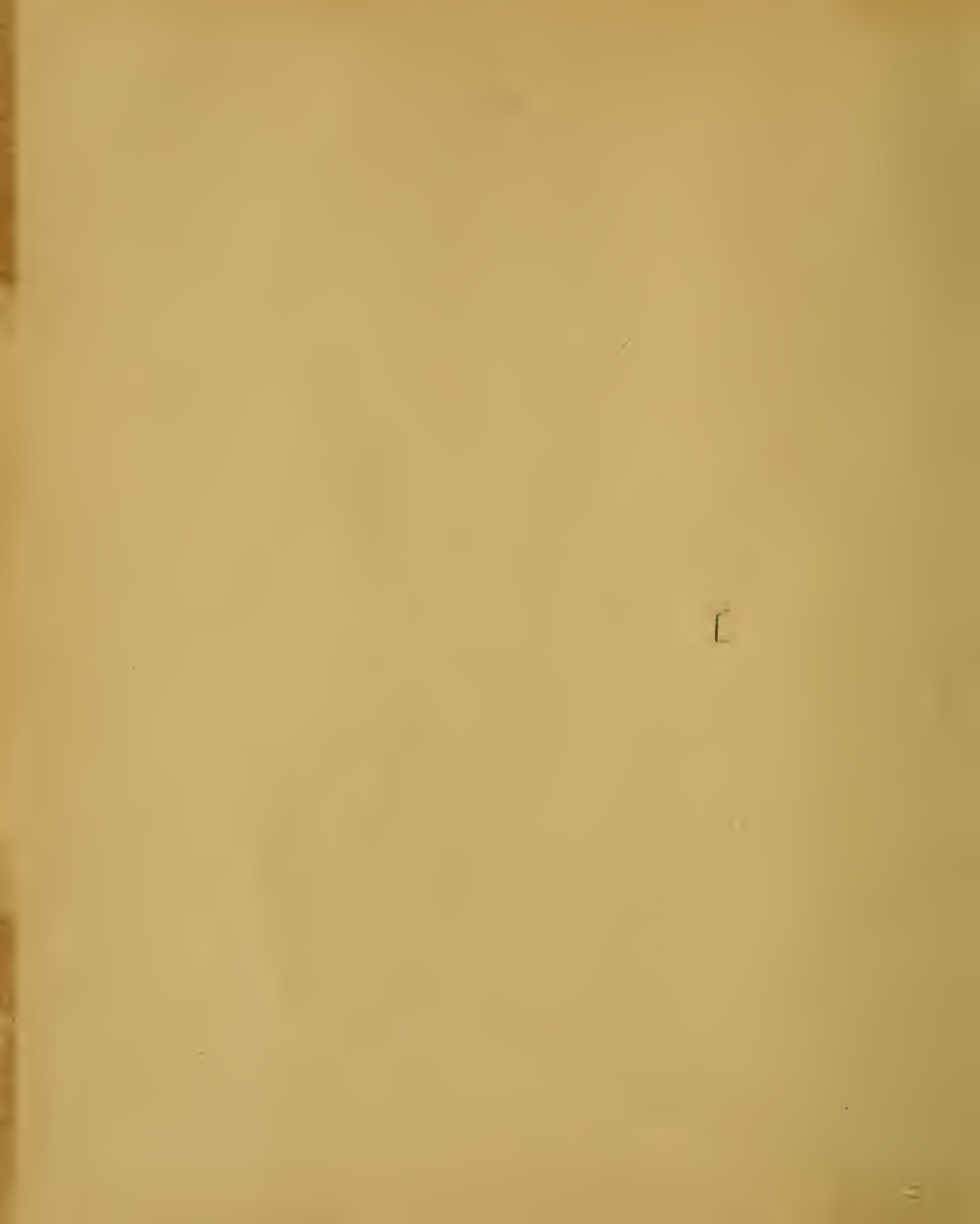
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IN
HARBOR

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IN HARBOR,

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY
A. SHARRARD.



FLEXNER BROTHERS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

MAY 6 1891
CITY OF WASHINGTON
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IN HARBOR.

✦

T

 HERE there not castles in Spain, and
 Gold mines galore
 To be found 'cross the ocean, on a
 Dream-haunted shore?
 So we took ship, and sailed for the
 Land of our dreams—
 A stout craft was she, sound in
 Keelson and beams ;



DEEP her hold, true her pilot, and
Fearless her crew ;

Like the curlew, she skimmed o'er the
Waters' dark blue.

From her decks we flew signals to
Homeward bound ships.

"Hail and Farewell," with light hearts and
Laughter on lips.

We sailed far and wide, through
Days that were long,

North, South, East and West, 'gainst
Winds adverse and strong ;

In the far North, held prisoned by
Blue icebergs grasped,

While Aurora's bright circle the
Mystic Pole clasped,

Then the frost of our breath, with the
Ice of our tears,

Lengthened out the sad days to the
Space of long years.



W



HENCE, Southward we sped, cruel
Sport for the blast;
Strange shapes hurtling by us in the
Deep shadows cast
By the gloomy, dark hull and the
Towering mast.
Light gleamed phosphorescent, where the old
Mariner passed
On his worm-eaten ship, in its
Ice frosted shroud,
While his phantom companions the
Slanting decks crowd
As the smitten ship staggers, half
Hidden in foam,
Or stands, poised for a moment on the
Billows' dark comb;
The "lone mariner" loud calls from
His floating grave,
Ere he's hurried from sight by the
Following wave.





N the arms of the tempest our
Ship lies entwined,
Snaps her cordage!—its lash is in
Light'ning defined,
Like Tisiphone's hair on the
Blast cast behind;
And the main-sail, in rags, wraps its
Folds round the mast,
While the billows make troughs where the
Good ship is cast.
Forgotten are gold mines and the
Castles in Spain,
In the whirl of the tempest,
Ambition lies slain.
And manhood arises on the
Wings of the storm;
Facing death it grows freer of the
Sins which deform;
The baser self sinks in the
Depths of the sea,



A.B.S.



S the strained ship reels forward with
Keel cutting free
A path through the waters, where the
Hidden rocks lie
Round the lighthouse, its beacon, a
Fiery red eye,
Which the tempest—flame-beaten—
Deluges in rain,—
Not here, oh, not here are the fair
Castles of Spain.
To the Westward we rove for the
Houses and gold—
Coral reefs stab the keel, and foul
Damps fill the hold ;
Here the palm droops its fronds and the
Brilliant macaw
Swings in loops of the vine, under
Skies without flaw.
Here the wild man tattooed, in his
Nakedness roams



HERE the waters sweep inland, round
The pearl fishers' homes.
The translucent green pools lie in
Circular moats,
Where in waving soft lines, the
Octopus' arm floats,
And the footstep unwary slips
Down to its doom,
To lie with heaped shells in the
Sea's sandy room.
Long shall salt waters gurggle through
Eye-holes in the skull,
Or rush with their currents round the
Long sunken hull.
In the noisome, dank jungles the
Coiled serpent lies,
At eve, by the water-pool, the
Night-prowling beast cries.
The marsh heron's head beneath
Its scarlet-hued wing,



A.B.S.

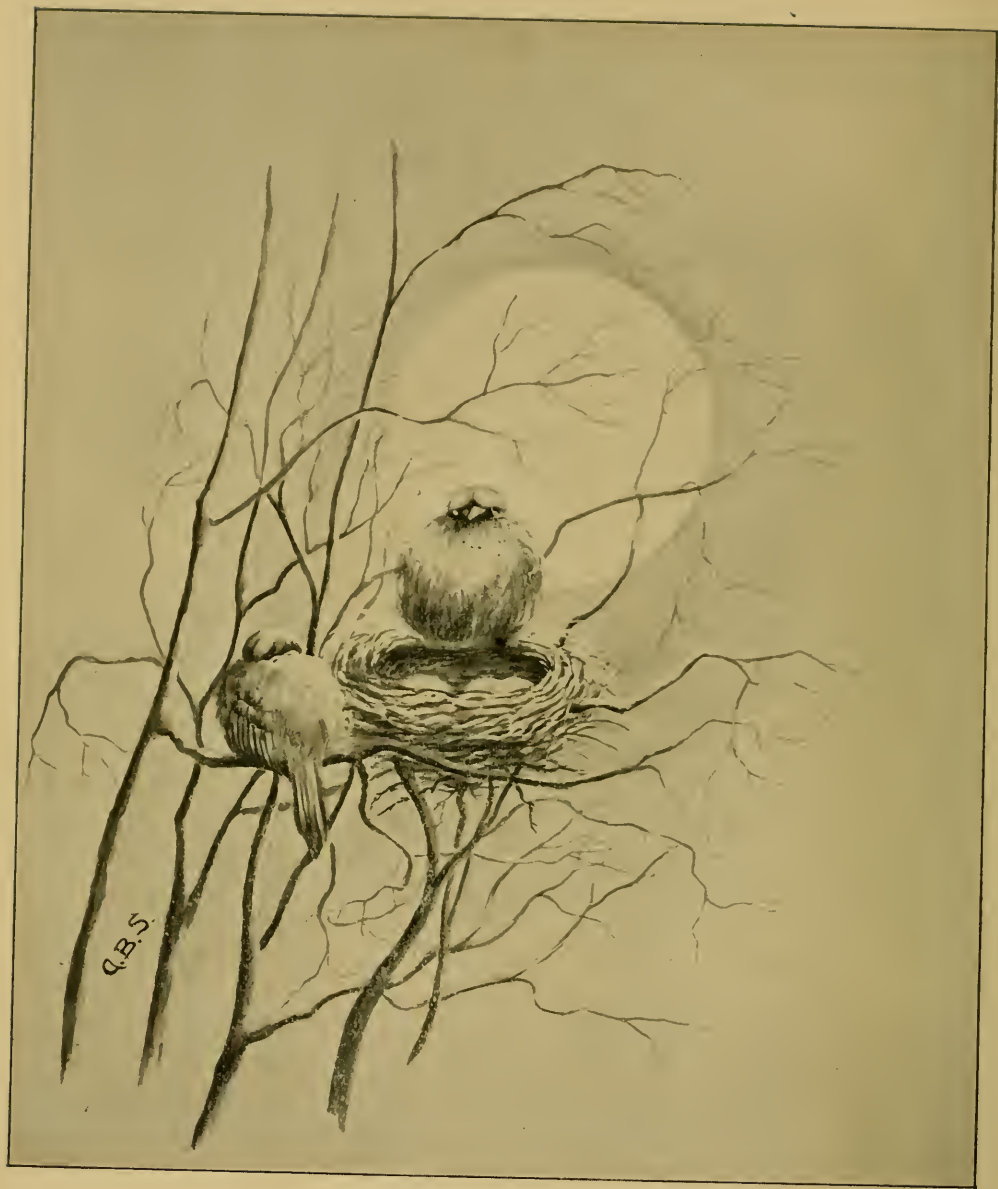


S uneasily stirred by the poison
Gnat's sting.
The night air is heavy with sweet odors,
Dew-pressed
On palled senses, that sicken, and
Never find rest,
Where the ear is assaulted with
Medley of sounds,
In the morn, noon and eve as
Days speed on their rounds.
The vapors malarial rise like mist
O'er the lands,
Where no fair castles are, neither
Gold in the sands.
Then the hollowed cheek, dark'ning 'neath
Lack lustre eyes,
Is joy-flushed, as the prow points where
A newer quest lies.
In a tangle of flotsam in the
Gulf stream we drift;





NOT a breeze strikes the wanderer, her
Slack sails to lift.
The hearts that were youthful, have grown
Old in this quest.
A deep yearning for home is the
Phantom-like guest,
Which at nightfall rises and
Dances, and twists
With beckoning hands in the
Wavering mists,
That watery wastes fling, in their
Blood-chilling damp,
To the circle of light round the
Binnacle lamp.
Not in tropical climes where
Lang'rous calms reign;
Not in cruel Northland with its
Frost-accursed main;
Not in cinnamon groves
Of world-famed Ceylon,





RE the gold mines found, and the
Air castles won.

The spirit which drove us

Forth on this quest

Is dead! its tired wings folded

Upon its dumb breast.

The brave ship that has weathered

The arctic gale,

And outridden fierce storms, that have

Turned the cheeks pale,

Has her prow homeward turned,

Where the harbor lights gleam

In a brightness, unrivaled by

Those in youth's dream

Unfulfilled. Enough for the present

The dangers we've passed,

Let us gain for this brave ship safe

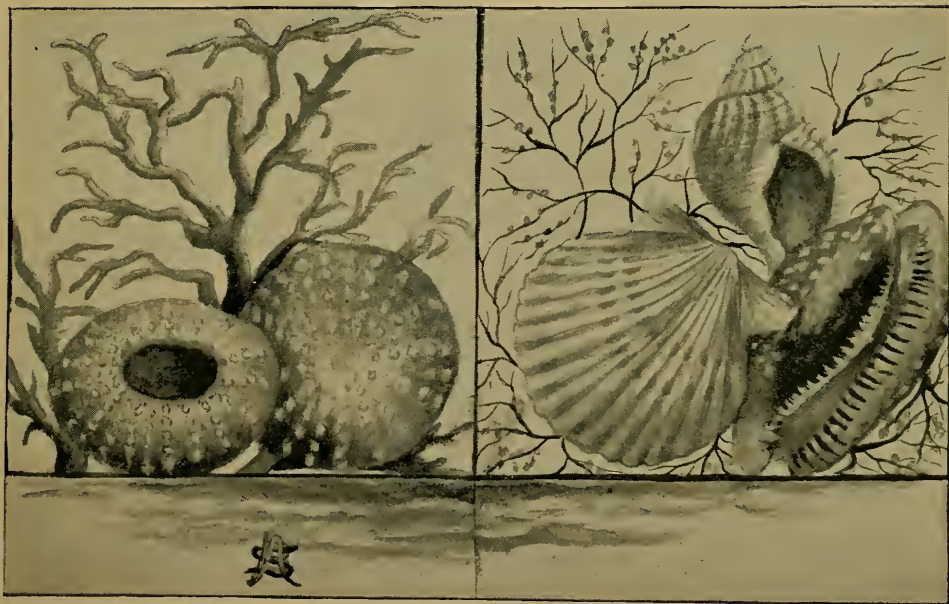
Harbor at last.

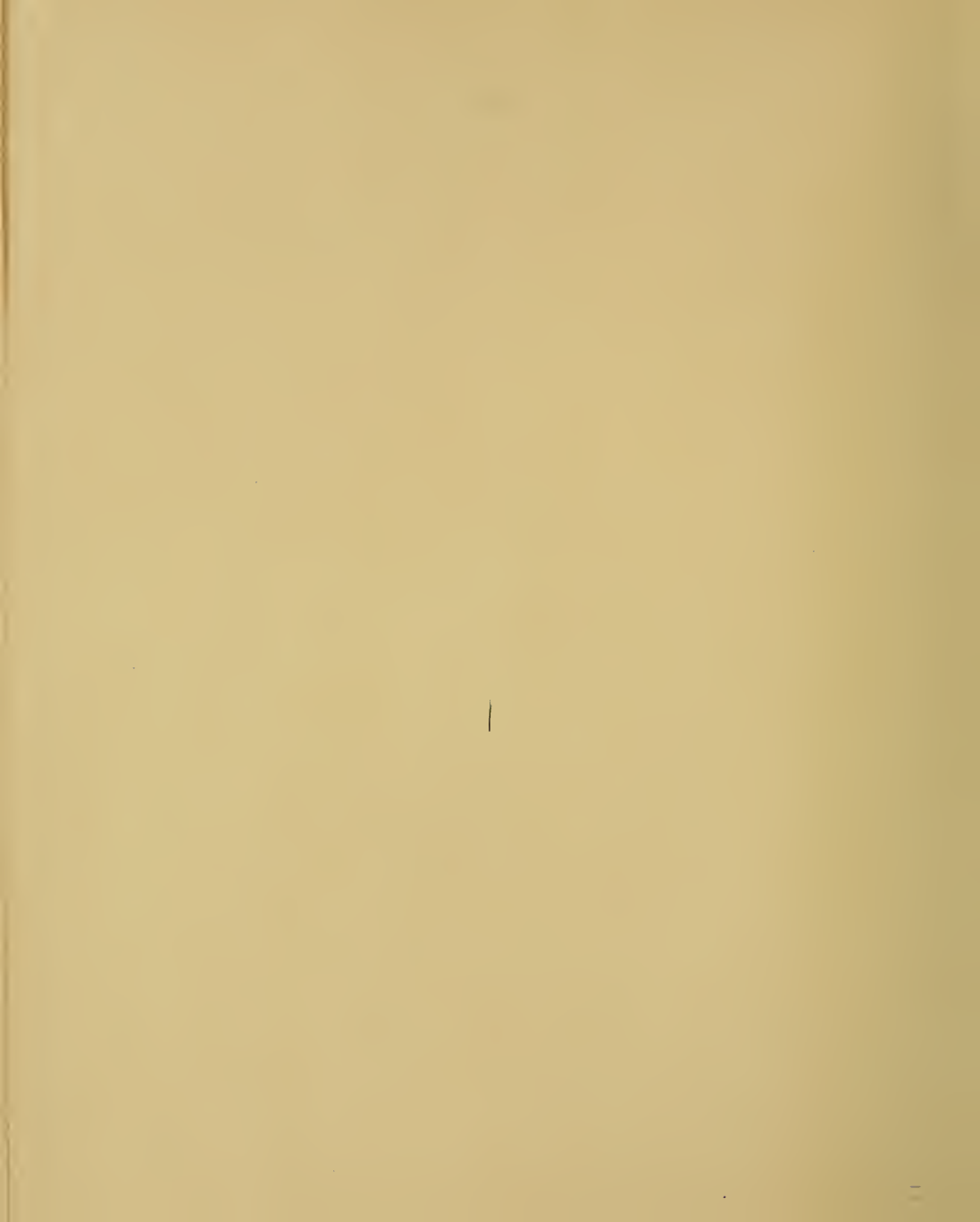
'Twixt the headland and sand bar, we

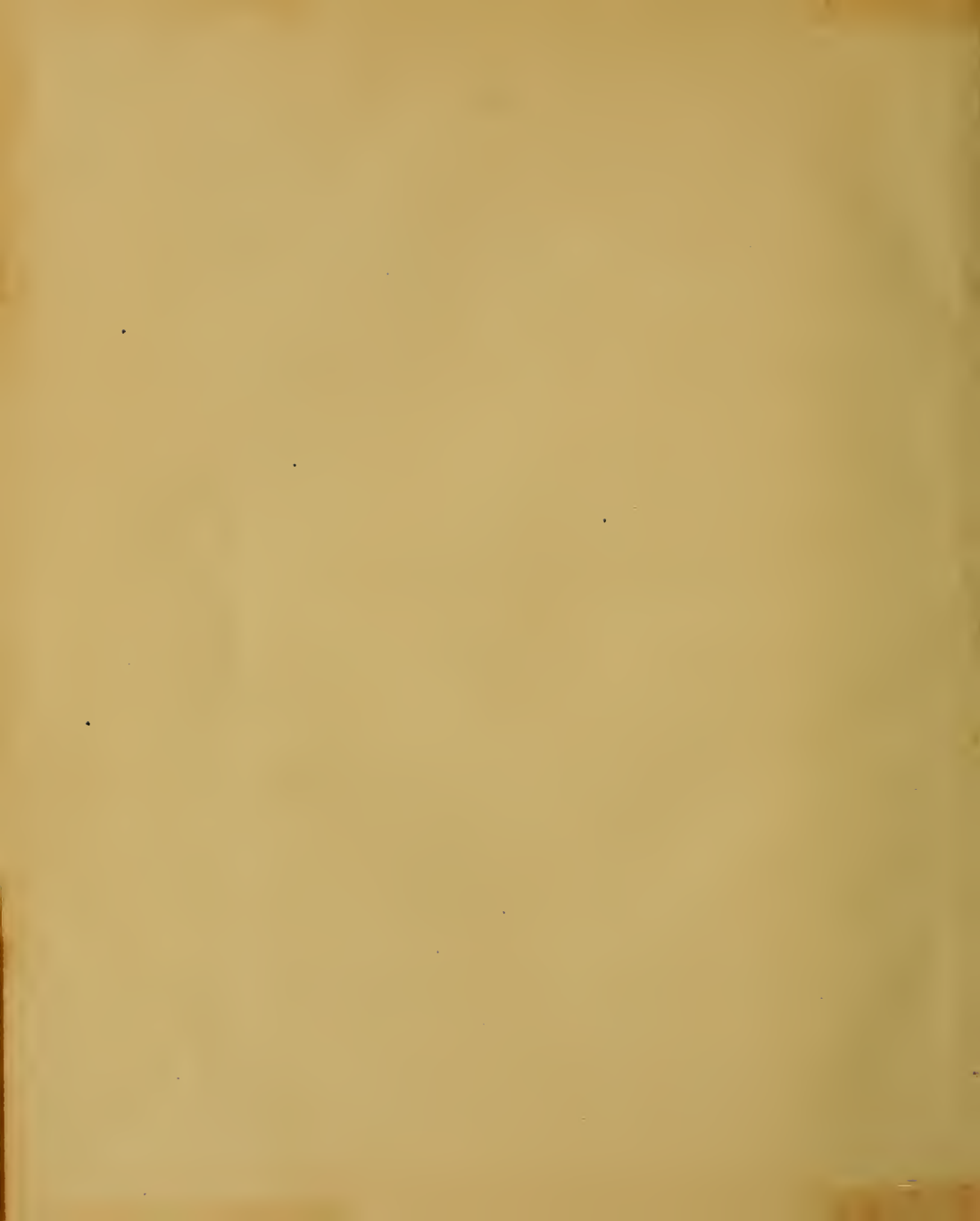
Pass up the bay;



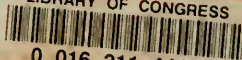
SADLY worn and dismantled, in the
Offing we lay ;
The canvas rags flutter from
Each creaking mast ;
Furl the sails ! Drop the anchor !
We're in harbor at last !
Life's feverish quest over, strength,
Courage both spent,
Tides may come, tides may go, we
Wait here content.







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